COMIC SKETCHES;

OR,

THE COMEDIAN HIS OWN MANAGER.

Written and selected

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PERFORMERS

IN

ENGLAND, | SCOTLAND, AND
IRELAND, | AMERICA.

INSCRIBED TO

THE PERFORMERS IN GENERAL,

BY

CHARLES LEE LEWES, COMEDIAN.

THE WHOLE FORMING MATTER SUFFICIENT FOR

TWO EVENINGS' ENTERTAINMENT;

ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THE EAST INDIES,

AND AS DELIVERED BY HIM, WITHOUT AN APPARATUS,

IN MANY PARTS OF THE THREE KINGDOMS,

WITH DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

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a very handsome and liberal offer from Mr. Harris, because he thought that nothing less than the highest salary in the theatre was commensurate to his vast abilities.—It is always to be regretted, when we behold real talent and abilities sullied by an overweening pride or vanity; but how much more is it culpable and disgusting, when we behold very moderate acquisitions so strongly mingled with the same base alloy.

We come now to his last appearance on a public stage. This event took place at Covent Garden Theatre on the 24th of June, 1803, for his own benefit, having obtained the use of the house from Mr. Harris, and the gratuitous services of several distinguished performers. But he lived only a few weeks to enjoy the fruits of this liberal assistance. On the 23d of July, having passed the preceding evening, apparently in good health, with some intimate friends, he was found dead in his bed. Thus he closed his mortal career in the sixty-third year of his age! He was buried at Pentonville, his funeral being attended only by a few of his relatives.

It was not until Mr. Lewis, the present eminent comedian of Covent Garden Theatre, was engaged at that house, that our hero made that addition to his sirname, which distinguishes the two performers. He was christened Charles Lee Lewes, the name of Lee being given to him at the request of one of his godfathers, Mr. L., a relative of the Earl of Litchfield.

Mr. Lee Lewes was three times married. By his first wife, whose name was Hussey, he had several children, of whom two daughters are still living. The eldest was married to Wilson the actor; but the youngest continued with her father. The mother, who had a little patrimony of her own, well knowing the imprudent habits of her husband, left it to her children in such a manner, as that he could have no controul over it. His second wife was the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Liverpool, named Rigley. By this lady also he had several children. There are two sons alive, who inherit from their mother a very considerable property. Of the name, family, and circumstances of his third wife, the writer of

this memoir has not been able to obtain any satisfactory intelligence; they must therefore remain in obscurity unless some more fortunate researches should bring them to light.

Such is the scanty intelligence, which industry has been enabled to collect, relative to the life of this once celebrated man. It is to be regretted that it is not more ample; but, perhaps, the enquiries of others may yet reveal various circumstances respecting him, tending to display his character more fully, and to unfold more at large his progressive exertions in his professional department.

His manners were lively and interesting; and in no company, where he was, could the guests complain of dulness. Indeed it may be very fairly presumed, that he possessed great constitutional vivaciousness; for the Sketches which form the subject of the present volume, and which he delivered himself, required no inconsiderable share of humour to procure them that applause which they every where met with. It is one of those arduous tasks which conscious genius alone can undertake, to furnish amusement to a company

solely by our own exertions; and this task, it appears, Mr. Lee Lewes performed with great eclat to himself. The exertion must have been great, and the habitual liveliness of the individual excessive, to catch with spirit every minute shade and almost evanescent colouring on which the whole effect of a thing sometimes depends.

As a writer, little can be said of him. But he appears to great advantage in the following work. None but those who have attempted it, can properly appreciate the difficulty of writing a facetious tale, so as to lose none of its volatile excellence. It would be a much easier task to compose an Essay like the Rambler, a Biography, or a Critical Dissertation, (supposing the writer to be previously acquainted with the rules of his art,) than to narrate with characteristic and effective airiness and levity, such light and minute trifles as are many of those which compose the following pages; and none, I believe, will be found who, after perusing them, will be willing to deny to Lee Lewes, the merit of having hit them off with great vigour and facility.

INTRODUCTION.

"What is more fitting than that Folly should be the trumpeter of her own fame, and dance after her own pipe?" ERASMUS.

IN this age of folly and fashion, it is no wonder that I, who have been all my life the devotee of folly, should think myself entitled to perform a principal character in one of her temples, and thus be one of her humble instruments of public entertainment. I have ranged over the North, the South, the West, and have even visited the East, where, but for the folly of my plan, I might have returned a Nabob. But I do not repine. The approbation of the public is now all the wealth I seek; and if I have another wish, it is, that I may never want the means or ability to attain this, the sole object of my ambition.

TO

PERFORMERS IN GENERAL.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following matter is necessarily arranged as a series of miscellaneous subjects, and not as a regular system. The person intending to recite them as an entertainment, can therefore select and arrange them according to his own pleasure, and agreeably to the nature of the performance he thinks may best suit his own talents, and the taste of his expected auditors.

I must allow that an apparatus will considerably assist the performance. But this must be left to the choice or convenience of the actor.

You will, Gentlemen, find in this work, some subjects you may have heard from that

very ingeious gentleman, Mr. Collins. Seeing the possibility so completely and successfully embraced in the entertainment of the Brush, suggested to me, I must confess, the idea of forming myself a performance that might be given without an apparatus.

And here candour must allow, that Mr. Collins, in his original matter, I mean his songs, has displayed a considerable degree of genius and judgement. His old stories were well *brushed up*, and well told. But Mr. Collins has too much modesty to claim any merit as such stories being original. He, however, deserves the praise of having grafted them like an experienced theatrical gardener, on his own stock. Nor is he to be reminded, for he must know, and we all know who can remember the period, that they have, thirty years ago, curled the muscle of many of us barn-luminating, county-brushing, hoof-beating heroes after fame.* Mr. Collins will, therefore, not be surprised by seeing, in the following work, some of them told or grafted in my way.

You are, Gentlemen, too well acquainted

with the selfishness, ignorance, and tyranny of most country managers; that they often preclude from their companies, men of real talents and experience, from their not being content as managers, without being also, Gnatho like, *omnium scenarum homo*, and strutting *mira socci! grandesque cothurni!*

In a word, the Comic Sketches, I flatter myself, will relieve you when oppressed by such fungus excrescencies of stage royalty.

ADDRESS

TO THE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Residents in Calcutta, at the Period 1788.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WHEN my fortunes led me into Asia for the purpose of exercising my professional talents, the following unexpected interdiction introduced me to your most kind and friendly protection. I arrived in Calcutta on the 26th July, 1788; on the 28th, I received the following polite note from Mr. Hay, Secretary to the Governor General.

"Mr. Hay presents his compliments to Mr. Lewis, and begs the favour of his attendance at the Council House to-morrow morn-

ing at 9 o'clock, or at any other hour that may be more convenient to him."

"*Monday*, 28th *July*, 1788."

I attended, when Mr. Hay, in the tenderest manner, and with real concern, signified to me, *that I must not give any public performance in the settlement, and that I must return to Europe in the same ship I came out in.* To which I bowed my assent; and although a bond on my part was necessary and usual on such occasions, Mr. Hay most politely dispensed with that part of the ceremony, and told me, my promise was sufficient. In a few days after, my good friend, the late Major Skelly, delivered a memorial from me to Lord Cornwallis, to which I received the annexed answer.

"*Government House*,
"Sir, *Aug*. 9, 1788.

"Lord Cornwallis has received your memorial; and in answer to it, his Lordship has directed me to say, that it gives him great concern to disappoint your hopes of accomplishing the objects of your voyage to this

country; but as you have come to India without leave from the Court of Directors, the duty of his station obliges him to forbid your making any public professional exhibition whatever in this settlement. His Lordship has desired me to add, that he feels exceedingly for the distress which you must suffer, from the step which you have so imprudently taken, and he requests that you will accept of the enclosed draft upon his Agent for one thousand Rupees, to relieve, in some degree, the exigencies of your present situation.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and

"humble Servant,

"HENRY HALDANE,

"Priv. Sec. to the Governor General."

Mr. Charles Lee Lewes.

To this I replied,

"SIR,

"I am this moment honoured with your letter, conveying to me my Lord Cornwal-

lis's orders that I should not make any public professional exhibition whatever in the settlement, to which you will be pleased to signify my submission.

"I have, at the same time, received a draft on his Lordship's Agent for Sa. Rs. 1000, for which I request, through you, Sir, to offer my humble and most hearty acknowledgements.

"I have the honour to be, with respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient

"and most humble Servant."

This was a severe stroke to me, attributable only to myself; but I very soon forgot to lament my own personal inconvenience, in the never-ceasing kindness of the whole settlement, and other private considerations of the Governor General, independent of his noble present of one thousand Rupees. And for which, permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to assure you, and the Noble Marquis, that, however time may weaken my frame, it can never lessen the vigour of my gratitude.

Some of the stories in the following pages, your partiality has inclined me to think, in some degree contributed to enliven your hospitable and festive circles. My story of Lord Orrery and Garrick, has, I see, been most terribly mutilated in some magazines. I call it *my story*; for though the late Mr. Henderson made a most excellent oral composition of it, it never was committed to print before, as in the annexed pages.

If the following whimsies can afford any entertainment in the closet, give me leave, Ladies and Gentlemen, in this shape to introduce myself, and if those of my friends who may still remain in Calcutta, will be so indulgent as to take me by the hand in this manner, I shall, in idea, once more revisit the delightful and happy regions of Bengal.

I have the honour to remain,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

CHARLES LEE LEWIS.

COMIC SKETCHES, &c.

FIRST PART.

OF all the human faculties, none is more useful, admirable, and excellent, than speech. How noble is it, therefore, to exert, in a superior style, that faculty which is the glory of our nature; and which was given to us for the effential service of ourselves and society! Wherever the liberal sciences have been cherished, the art of speaking has always been cultivated with peculiar care, encouraged with honours the moft distinguished, and rewarded with emoluments the moft considerable.

Reviewing the state of eloquence in thes kingdoms, we find this eminent perfection of our nature in a rapid state of decline, from neglecting to cultivate the voice in our early years.

How unfavourably muſt British eloquence appear, and how far distant from improvement must it be found, by those who recollect the manner in which our youth are taught to read!

In moral books, many words that should never be spoken but with the most respectful tone of voice and demeanour, are, by the old women of our village, and even our city seminaries, suffered to be banged, thumbed, and knocked about, six or seven times a day, without the least reverence or regard.

One little boy begins thus, in a bible with torn leaves and broken cover—"And Harbonah—one of the king's chamberlains—said to the king—behold also the gallows—fifty cubits high—which Haman had made for Mordecai—standing in the house of Haman—Then the king said—hang him thereon*."

Another follows, in this manner: "Verse the tenth—So they hanged—Haman—on the—gallows—that he—had prepared—for Mordecai—then was—the—king's wrath pacified."

* Esther, chap. vii. ver. 9 and 10.

Thus poor Mordecai and Haman—Haman and Mordecai are hummed and hawed, and jumbled together with as little propriety of accent or emphasis as if hapless Haman was but just executed, and these little children were employed to cry his dying speech.

A Frenchman passing the door of one of these erudite seminaries, and stopping to listen, pursed up his face, and, with a shrug of contempt, exclaimed

" Ah, pauvres miserables! Be gar—dey sing like nutting at all."

What a reflection was this? The Frenchman having no idea of their being thus learned to read, very naturally supposed, from the tone of their voice, they were attempting to sing, and therefore very justly exclaimed, " Ah! Pauvres miserables," &c. &c.

Is it not surprising that a sensible man, who can talk on many subjects with such propriety as to delight his hearers, is very frequently heard to read a news-paper in a tone

of voice less modulated, if possible, than the sound of a six-penny drum from the stroke of an infant.

For instance, suppose he met with the following paragraph:

"Last night, after eating an hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Timothy Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor."

He would read it in this manner,

"*Last night* AFTER, *eating a hearty supper* DIED, *suddenly with his* MOUTH, *full of custard Sir* TIMOTHY, *Tradewell knight an* AMIABLE, *companion an* AFFECTIONATE, RELATION, *and friend to* THE POOR."

It is strange he cannot read as he speaks. How awkward and ridiculous would a person appear coming into a room, and thus saluting the company:

"Your servant, Capt. Wilson. I hope Mrs. Wilson is very well. How do you do, Mr. What-d'ye-call'em—I hope Mrs. What-d'ye-call'em is very well—and Master and Miss What-d'ye-call'em, and all the young What-d'ye-call-'ems?"

Would not this appear very absurd and ridiculous? And if it does in speaking, why not in reading?

There is another fault very frequently committed in reading, which is considerably worse than what is committed by the greatest of monotonists. This is being so fond of musical sounds, that every thing attempted to be read is in the recitative of a Spanish relator *. Or else they approach very near the doleful ditty of Chevy Chace, or the Spanish Lady. As a specimen:

"As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
Ti ti-tum-ti Ti-ti-tum-ti."

The Bathologist is another, who commits as great an impropriety of speech. The most

* In Spain there are persons who relate long stories in recitative, accompanied by the guittar.

trivial subjects he delivers with all the dignity and consequence of the most important and elevated. Such a character always reminds me of a person rehearsing the tragedy of Tom Thumb. This ridiculous affectation, although it seems a burlesque upon language, was, perhaps, assumed at first to give energy to the dignified, and solemnity to the serious passages of an author. But using it injudiciously has perverted the intention, degraded the author, and exposed to derision the bombastic speaker. It is, therefore, to be lamented, that from the too frequent repetition of such an abuse, it is now become so habitual, that we find it exerted indiscriminately on every occasion.

An Example:

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—*white*;
The dusty collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—*black*.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—*red*.
Black, red, and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

Without knowing the rules of either rhetoric or grammar, these evils may be remedied by observing as follows:

1st. Let every person learn to read with the same tone of voice as in speaking.

2dly. Be careful to observe the accent of syllables, and the emphasis upon words.

As the emphasis is the most important and the most frequently mistaken, the necessity of observing it with the most strict attention is exemplified by the various changes of it in the following sentence:

"I must walk up that hill."

These six words admit of six different senses, which are each expressed by altering the place of the emphasis.

Should it be asked,

"*Who* must walk up that hill?"

The answer relating to the person, the emphasis must be placed on the pronoun, which is the first syllable in this sentence, as,

"*I* must walk up that hill."

Should the reason be asked of walking up the hill, the emphasis must be on the auxiliary verb, expressing that you are obliged

to walk up the hill. The second word, is, therefore, made emphatical, as,

"I *must* walk up that hill."

Should the *manner* be asked of going up the hill, the emphasis must be on the verb, or third word, as,

"I must *walk* up that hill."

Should the *way* you mean to walk upon the hill, be asked, the emphasis is on the adverb, or fourth word, as,

"I must walk *up* that hill."

Should it be asked which hill, the emphasis is on the preposition, or fifth word, as,

"I must walk up *that* hill."

Should it be asked where you must walk, the emphasis is on the noun or sixth syllable, as,

"I must walk up that *hill*."

Thus, the chief propriety of speaking, depends on the accuracy of emphasis; for if it be improperly placed, it produces a worse effect than if each word was pronounced alike; for monotony only obscures the sense, while it is entirely perverted by erroneous emphasis.

In all questions, the interrogative word is pronounced with a peculiar emphatical energy.

To explain this properly, I can take no happier method than my present situation prompts me to ask and answer.

Who am I before?

My hopes flatter me, a candid and generous audience.

What am I doing?

Craving their indulgence.

How ſhall I deserve it?

By pleasing my hearers.

When may I accomplish that end?

As the question *when* is generally answered by another *when*; it would be presumptive in me to fix the period. I therefore most respectfully leave it to your judgement and my own endeavours.

But if I come to my last position and ask,

" *Where* am I?"

I easily observe, *I am* where even an attempt to please cannot be entirely disregarded.

Inconsiderable as points and stops may, to some, appear, they are so essential that nothing can be written or read intelligibly without their assistance.

Amazing as it may be thought, it is a certain fact, that the unfortunate King Edward the Second fell a victim to the artifice of placing a comma in the sentence of

"Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est."

which his cruel Queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of his prison. In this sanguinary act, she was assisted by that pestilent Architophel, the Bishop of Hereford, who devised a letter to his keepers, Sir T. Gurney and Sir J. Mattrevers, blaming them for giving him too much liberty and not performing the service expected from them. At the end of this letter was the above fatal sentence, which I have translated into the following couplet for the purpofe of explaining my observation.

"To shed King Edward's blood,
Refuse to fear; I count it good."

The manner in which the artful prelate pointed the sentence was by placing the comma after *timere* instead of *nolite*, as,

" Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est."

Had the comma been placed after *nolite*, or after *refuse*, the sense would have been,

To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse, I count it good.

Thus would the keeper have been commanded not to kill the King.

But the comma being murderously placed after the infinitive verb *timere*, to fear, the sense expressed was,

To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear.

The murder seemed, therefore, to be commanded with a kind of indemnity, as expressed in *bonum est*, or *it is good*; for by this artful punctuation, the last portion of the sense deems the action meritorious. And as

the clergy then possessed the greatest influence over the opinions of the people, such a sentiment, avowed by a bishop, divested the act of this regicide of all its atrocity in the mind of the keeper.

All conscientious scruples being thus removed, the unfortunate King fell a most pitiable victim to the vengeance of his Queen, and the ambition of the Bishop.

Another instance of the power of punctuation I have to adduce, and which evinces to what evil purposes learning may be applied when possessed by men of desperate tempers, and vile inclinations.

A Bishop of Asello ordered this inscription to be engraved over his gate:

> "Porta patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."
> "Gate be open, and not shut to any honest man."

But the comma being placed after *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense was thus perverted,

> "Gate be open to none, but shut to an honest man."

This outrage upon the worthiest part of society caused the Bishop to lose his bishop-

rick, although he artfully pleaded, in his defence, that it was the mistake of the painter.

The art of punctuation having such essential power in discriminating the meaning of a sentence, let every person study their use, and never forget that a single comma occasioned the murder of a king and the loss of a bishoprick.

Our language has only five vowels, and yet they are frequently found useless in words which contain them.

T, O, N, G, U, E is called "*Tung*." And such is the force of custom, that a person would appear ridiculous who should give this word any other pronunciation. But were I to call *Lingua*, which is Latin for the Tongue, *Ling*, I should be thought a great blockhead.

Can any thing be more absurd than P, L, A, G, U, E, spelling Plague? For taking two letters from it, it becomes a word of two syllables, and spells *ague*.

This caused Voltaire, when he learned

English, to be so enraged at the settlers of our language, that he wished the ague had one half and the plague the other. There are many words spelt exactly alike, which are differently pronounced. For inſtance,

A Bow, to shoot with, Bow, to bend or make a bow.

Close, near at hand; Close, to shut up.

Job, a man's name; Job of work.

Minute, part of an hour; Minute, or small.

We have also many words pronounced exactly alike, which are entirely different in their meaning; as

The soul of a man,
The soal of a shoe, and
The fish called a sole,

are all indiscriminately pronounced alike. But to shew our partiality to Jacks, we have made a

Jack to pull off boots,
Jack to roast meat,
Jack to hoist weights,
Jack a pint measure,
Jack that dances on the keys of an harpsicord.

Then we have a
Fish called a Jack,
And a beast called a Jack.
You'll find also,
A Jack-ketch in London,
A Jack-daw in the country,
And a Jack-pudding every where.
The Lion has his Jack-all in the forest.
The Bowler has his Jack upon the green.
And the Gamester has his Jack upon the cards.
—You may add to these—
A Jack twisted on the sprit sail top head,
A Smoak Jack,
A Jack-a-napes,
A Jack of all trades,
A Jack-a-dandy,
A Jack-a-styles,
And a Jack-a-lanthorn.

But to prevent this subject playing the Will O th'whisp, and leading me into an error, I shall leave the family of the Jacks, which are as numerous in this kingdom as the family of the Staffs mentioned by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. the family of the Wrongheads, the Oes of Ireland, or the Macs of Scotland.

BUT of what can we accuse the letter H, to justify the contempt with which it is treated?

The pedant calls authority, *autority*. I know he will tell me it is of Greek origin. But as we are speaking English, and not Greek, we should [illegible] the word to all the privileges of naturalization. Such as call authority, *autority*, might as well call *beldam*—*bell-weather*; for it is derived from the French, in which language it signifies a fine lady, and in English, an old hag.

A boy at school, reading his lesson to his master, came to the word Honour; the boy pronounced the H. The master asked—"Honour? What's Honour? The word is Onour."

"La!" said the lad, "don't it begin with an H?"

"What if it does?" said the master. "You blockhead, don't you know that H is no letter?"

The next morning, the master wanting a muffin toasted, gave it to the boy and bid him *heat* it. The boy went to the fire-side, but

made better use of his time; for when the master called, and asked—" Is the muffin done?"

" Done, Sir?" answered the sly rogue, " I have done as you bid me."

" Well, Sir, where is the muffin?"

" La, Sir, I have ...., as you bid me."

" Why, you little villain!" exclaimed the master, " I ordered you to *beat* it."

" Yes, Sir," answered the boy; " but you know, you told me the H was no letter."

A favourite author observes,

" From Monkish ignorance the land was freed,
And even country school-masters could read."

This is an oblique insinuation, that very few could read at present. But however this may be verified on this side of the water, it is quite different in our sister kingdom. For there the masters are all men of the most consummate erudition. The following is an instance.

Father M'Tutor'em, of the parish of O'Prosody, in the county of Docemus, sits himself down the *monarch* of a *shed*, to teach the little puny whipsters the Christ-cross-row, so as to make the most lasting impression. He has all the little fry for five miles round, whose fathers can afford to give five coppers a week for their education.

There was a little Dermot, little Phelim, Terence M'Bluderoch, and Paddy O'Drogheda, &c. &c.

Father M'Tutor'em called, in this manner, upon the last new comer, who, be it known, knew as much of the alphabet as he did of the longitude.

" You little O'Shocknessey, come hither with yourself. Bring your primmer in your hand, and your coppers in your fist. Blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. Arrah! don't be hunting after the flies across the ceiling; but cock your eye and look strait at your book, that you may shoot every word flying.

" You see that letter that looks, for all the world, like the gabel end of your father's

cabin, with a beam across the middle of it: that is called A—agusee A; and that letter, the next door neighbour, is namesake to the little gentleman that sucks the flowers, fills the honey pots, and carries a damn'd long sting in his tail; that is Mr. B. and B stands for blubberlip. Arrah now, what makes you pout out your lip so? Tuck in the selvage of of your mouth, blow your nose, and hold up your head like a man. The next is, for all the world, like the sign of the half-moon, where Judy Mac Gluthery sells whiskey; and that is called C, and C stands for Cobler, or Coblers. And you see the next, that is, for all the world, like the broken handle of a pair of snuffers; and that is called D, and D stands for Daughter; agusee Cobler's Daughter; agusee, Blubberlip Cobler's Daughter. And that next is called E; which the English flats, bodderation to 'em, call E E, as if there were [illegible] of them. By my conscience, they might as well say *cheek* handerchief, instead of *check* handkerchief, though it was only made for the nose—That's true! Blow your nose once more.

And that next you see, that's like a gibbet, with a little plug half way up, for the hangman to put his foot on. Heaven bless you, my dear, and keep your mother's child from the like of it my jewel. That is called F; and F stands for five. Arrah, now, and what's the next letter to F?"

"I don't know."

"Arrah, now, why don't you know?"

"Becase I can't tell."

"Now you do know, and you can tell. Arrah! what does the Carman say, when he wants his horses to go faster?"

"Gee."

"To be sure: and that's the letter G. And if any body should ask you which of your *hands* goes *barefoot* for want of a glove, you may say H, which is the same as both; and H stands for Horse, or Horses, and I stands for Jockies. Now, my little fellow, agusee Blubberlip Cobler's Daughter eat up five gingerbread horse-jockies, boots, spurs, whips, buckskin breeches and all. Mercy on us! What a devil of a twist!

"Now I've taught you one third of your

lesson, and I'll teach you the other two halves when you have knocked that under your skull-cap. And then, my jewel, I'll tell you how to spell. Arrah, but spelling is reading itself, my dear honey; for instance now, in the word Constantinople, which, I believe, if my recollection don't fail me, is that great city, my dear, of which Turkey is the metropolis, where the Grand Turk keeps a whole regiment of *Januaries*, who, mercy on us, are devils of fellows at a *March*. But you'll know more of these things by and by, when you read history, my little fellow. You'll find also, if the Turks have their *Januaries*, the Romans had their *Decembers*, and their *Augusts*, and their *July* Cæsars. But now to spell the word Constantinople, my dear. C, O, N, *Con*—that's the *Con*; S, T, A, N, *stan*—that's the *stan*, and the *Constan*; T, I, *ti*—that's the *ti*, and the *stanti*, and the *Constanti*; N, O, *no*—that's the *no*, and the *tino*, and the *stantino*, and the *Constantino*; P, L, E—that's the *ple*, and the *nople*, and the *tinople*, and the *stantinople*, and the *Constantinople*. Now run home with your-

self, before the *spallp'eens* and the *cooghorns* eat up the pratees and butter-milk, my jewel.

" Where's your manners? Make your bow. Oh, you will be a Clargy one of thefe days!"

LANGUAGE.

ONE great cause of the English language having never been reduced to a standard, arises from a set of rhyming or lisping gentry, whom we may very justly call, *Word-clippers*.

The legislature, having most carefully provided for the preservation of the game, would serve their country much more essentially, were they to devise some punishment that would restrain fuch as, from caprice or for the purpose of rhyme, rob and defpoil their own mother-tongue of its chief beauty and ornament. Should they not be tried on the Coventry Act for maiming and defacing?

Another set of language debasers are Lispers, Stammerers, and Snufflers: but as these are generally such as owe their respective impediments to nature rather than to inclination, let us content ourselves with smiling at their laughable distortion of language, without consigning them to the punishment of the Word-clippers.

The STAMMERER beats a tat-too of an hour long upon a single monosyllable, while he contracts his mouth into as many forms as if he had swallowed an alum posset; and it is, with the greatest difficulty, he can tell you his name is—*Tom Handy*.

The LISPER is the reverse of the other; for the STAMMERER has so great an antipathy to the letters T. H. that he never uses them. But the LISPER, on the contrary, is so attached to them that he adopts them on all occasions; for he will say,

"Where the sweet honey-suckle grew apace,
The whisp'ring breezes softly fann'd her face."

The SNUFFLER is very improperly called a speaker through his nose; for speaking

through the nose is giving the breath its free passage, and speaking as we ought. I'll give you an ocular and auricular proof of it.

" On Thursday laſt a mad-bull ran into a dancing school near Puddle Dock; one of the young ladies having more courage than the rest, threw a cambrick handkerchief in his face; but it didn't hurt him much."

By putting on a pair of spectacles, you will perceive I snuffle, which demonstrates that this tone or snuffling proceeds from an affected or natural contraction or obstruction of the olfactory nerves in the nasal passage.

A speech delivered with an improper cadence, grates upon the ear like the sharpening of knives, or the delectable serenade of cats, calling with their untunable bagpipes, the neighbouring mouse-hunters to their midnight revels.

What can be more ridiculous than to hear a player, with a deep base voice, adapted only for Caliban in the Tempest, attempt

the part of a lover, and deliver himself thus—

"O let me gently sigh my soul away,"

Or any, with a squeaking voice only proper to cry pancakes or diddle dumplins ho! scream out in the martial Macbeth,

"What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear."

When, if his soul were as effeminate as his voice, he would tremble at the approach of a puppy dog.

A few years ago, I went to Drury Lane Theatre, to see a play, called the Rehearsal. It being the Lord Mayor's day, the person that should have performed the part of the Bold Thunder was dining at Guildhall, where the glass was pushed about with such alacrity, that Jove's Bold Thunder was almost sunk into silence by the enchanting effluvia of his Lordship's nectar, or, to be more explicit, he was downright - - - I must not say *drunk*, lest I should incur the censure of being vulgar—

especially as there are so many words to express this fashionable vice more politely. For instance,

The Beau would say he was,

"Hocus,
Non se ipse,
Elevated,
Electrified, or,
Non Compos Mentis."

A Barber would say he was,

"In the suds, or,
Terribly cut——"

alluding to misfortunes that frequently befal him in his trade.

But the rough honest Tar would talk about his being,

"Half seas over,
Across the line,
Out of his latitude,
Beside his reckoning"

While others would say he had,

"Bung'd his eye—Was knocked up—How came ye so—Had got his little hat on—Top-Heavy—Pot-Valiant—That he had been in the sun—That he was in for it—Very

much disguis'd—Clipp'd the King's English —Quite happy—Bosky—Fuddled—Muddled —Tipsy—Dizzy—Muzzy—Sucky—Rocky —Groggy—Blind as Chloe—Mops and Brooms,"—and many other appellations too tedious to mention. But, for my part, I shall only say, he had drank more than nature required.

The Lady, who was to perform the part of the Brisk Lightning, was almost in the same predicament; for being very delicate and timorous, she was obliged to fortify herself with some cordial auxiliaries before she could appear before an audience with that confidence which is necessary. Dr. Hill's tincture of sage not being then in fashion, the tincture of juniper was taken for the same purpose. But taking, unfortunately, a spoonful more than the Doctor prescribed, she was disabled from performing her part with her usual propriety and discretion.

In this condition they both went on the stage. Both the Lady and Gentleman mistook their parts. She begun with her small treble pipe—

" I am the Bold Thunder."

" If you are," said Boys, " it is a very distant clap."

" The Brisk Lightning I,"

said the man in a tone of voice resembling that of a large hungry mastiff growling over the cook-maid's kindness.

Thus the Bold Thunder, which ought to have been roared out in a deep manly voice, was squeaked out in the tone of a guinea-pig. And the Brisk Lightning, which should have been spoken in a light quick voice, was growled out worse than the harmony of a duetto produced by the grunting of two hogs, the croaking of a raven, or the growling of a cracked string of a broken bass viol.

The tone of the voice should vary with the subject. When the latter is grave or solemn, the voice should correspond in the Adagio,

and be also grave. But should mirth or laughter be meant to cheer the soul, the Allegro or sprightly style should prevail. But an error in this correspondence of voice to subject is not so disgusting as hearing such tragedy stocks and stones as never felt a touch of the Promethean torch. Believe me, I have heard his crook-backed Majesty, Richard the Third, in the part of the battle in Bosworth Field, breath out revenge and slaughter in such a pretty, soft, lullaby strain, that you would have imagined he was walking in his sleep, and only dreamt of a battle—For instance:

"Come forth my honest sword!—Draw archers, draw your arrows to their head; spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; and thou our warlike Champion, thrice renowned, St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions! Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds—to horse!—away—My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

Many would imagine, that a provincial

dialect would greatly embarrass and impede the progress of an actor in his profession. And yet there are many who, in defiance of this defect and advice of their friends, have the temerity to embark on the perilous seas of tragedy and comedy. I have really heard one of these knights of hardihood, a Northumbrian from beyond the banks of the Tyne, scour out his words with such an abominable Newcastle bur in his throat, and talk of *privileges* and *prerogatives*, and the *brave British troops that brought down the pride of France*, that appeared as if he had swallowed a scrubbing brush, and was labouring with all his might to bring it up again.

As another remarkable instance of provincial dialect, I beg to relate what happened a few years ago at Poulton in the Fylde, in the wild parts of Lancashire. The story descended to me in its provincial dialect by a native who was present.

There were five persons, the wise-heads of the town. They consisted of the Squire, the Exciseman, the Apothecary, the Lawyer, and the Curate, who held a deep consultation

whether a *hedge-hog* was an animal, a vegetable, an artificial, or a natural curiosity.

First, the Lawyer defined it to be a thing Heaven never made, and as how, he had a great mind to serve it with " *a copy of a stick.*"

The Exciseman, sticking his thumb in the ink-bottle, declared—" I canno' gage it—nor I canno' gaum it; but for sure and sartin it must be somewhat—or somewhat else."—

The Apothecary, scratching his head, very sagaciously and significantly observed—" I count it to be a sort of a live thistle."

The Squire asked Robin, the hostler, if he did not think it was a sort of a round-a-bout curry-comb.

And the Parson, after *downing* his spectacles, and *gloring* at it for half an hour, exclaimed, " Odsboddikins, for sure and sartin, it must be the *devil's nutmeg-grater*."

Such was the profound consultation of these five wise men of Gotham, or rather of Poulton; and such were their enquiries, that they ended just where they began.

CORPOREAL ORATORY.

A PIECE of Oratory, however sensibly it may be written, will produce little effect unless delivered with every part of the body corresponding with the modulation of the voice.

The face, being the index of the mind, should always agree in expression with the passion, emotion, or sentiment of the subject. Thus every passion of the soul may be expressed even without the assistance of speech.

For however requisite and essential may be the expressions of every part of the body in general, yet the face particularly expresses, by its infinite variety of muscles, the passions more forcibly than all the human frame beside.

Thus it expresses

Gravity.
Stupidity.
Fear.
Wonder.
Anger.
Mirth.
Sorrow.

As observed before, every part of the human form contributes to the expreſſion of every passion and emotion possessing the soul.

The head is sometimes erected with conscious pride, depressed with indignity, and drawn back with disdain. Sometimes a nod gives assent, and a shake denial: while, by other motions, it threatens, approves, and suspects.

The *arms* are sometimes lifted as high as the face, to express wonder; sometimes extended forward before the breast, to express fear; the hands are clapped by surprise and in sudden joy or grief; the right hand is clenched, and the arms are brandished, to threaten; and the arms set a-kim, express consequence. With the hands, as Quintillian

says, we *refuse*, *invite*, *intreat*, appear averse, fearful, and doubting. They also deny, ask, affirm, dissent, and display joy and grief. By the hands many words are supplied, and when the language of the tongue is unknown, that universal expression of the hands is understood by all nations.

The face, the head, the hands being, thus, capable, independent of the tongue, to express the dictates and sensibilities of the soul, how forcibly must their united expression aid the eloquence of the accomplished orator!

The *French* depend so much upon corporeal oratory, that they talk more with their heads and shoulders than with their tongues. But this is not only the abuse of what would, otherwise, aid the general perfection of speaking; for they speak first and think after, step a minuet as they walk, and keep their bodies always dancing while their tongues are talking. So great lovers are they of action, that they are ready to wound with their canes, in carte, tierce, or segoon, every one they meet.

The *Dutchman*, in the other extreme, uses not the least action. His teeth perform the

office of his hands, which he keeps in his pockets, and smoaks away without thinking of withdrawing them - - - but for the purpose of receiving money.

The *Spaniard* walks with the state of a snail over the leaf of a cabbage, while one hand holds a box of snuff, and the other charges his nostrils. Every sentence he speaks is accompanied with a shrug of his shoulders, and every step he makes has the same leisure as the stride of a cock.

A great fault frequently committed is an unnatural and ridiculous contraction of the face when they are speaking. Some affectedly

Protube their under lip,
Others draw it in,
Some draw it this way—[*On the left side.*
Others that way. [*On the right side.*

These absurd contractions never appeared more glaring than in a set of grotesque figures, videlicet—A maiden lady and her three antiquated maid servants. The lady's name was Miss Priscilla Squeamish, whose heart was so cold as to cause her countenance to

chill every one who attempted to pay her their addresses. Being advanced in years, she had a great capitulation with

Esther Fidget, her own woman,
Penelope Pip, her chambermaid, and
Grace Greasy, her cook.

The faces of these virgins had been originally like those of other people. But, by affectation, they had distorted their features so as to acquire them the name of the wry-mouthed family.

Miss Priscilla, one day making them sit down by her, said,—" Come, you are all good girls— (though be it known the youngest was forty-nine) leave ceremony, and give me frankly your opinions, on a very important affair. You must have observed, I am not quite so able to walk as I used to be—not that I am old; but you know I have had some time the rheumatism. I would, therefore, have a coach, were there not one great impediment to my accommodating myself with that conveniency. Do you know I should hate to be driven by a nasty *he* creature of a coachman, and that is the sole reason I have not yet kept my car-iage."

Right side.] " Why to be sure, Ma'am—What you say is very true; for if so be as how, you have a coach, you must have some-body to drive it.

Left side.] " Certainly, Mistress must have it driven unless she has the reins to come through two holes in the fore-part of the car-riage, and then she can guide the horses her-self."

Esther Fidget observed,—" Hold your *non-sentious* tongue—ye pair of *nizzies*, your counsel is *pertinacious*; it may endanger Ma-dam's limbs to be *dislockited*, were she to hold the reins herself. Besides, if the *beastesses* should be *rusty* and unwilling to go, how could she whip them? Ma'am must have a coachman!"

Miss Squeamish thus gave her own opinion,—" Oh Esther! I can't bear the odious thought of a man waiting upon me, and com-ing into my house backwards and forwards. Oh fough! You know I never took a Hack-ney chair or a coach for that very reason—but chose to walk wet or dry.

Esther Fidget resumed—" Oh, my dear lady, may I never die a maid, if I have not hit upon the right *causation* of the affair—You shall have an old woman for your coachman. She I mean, my lady, is one Deborah Dogety, who lives at the next village; she has been used to drive a cart to market every week, and is very fond of wearing breeches, so that we can but dress her up in men's cloaths, and then that will do *purdigeously* clever; for she'll have the *compearance* of a man, and not be a man neither; but only a poor harmless old woman. He, he, he!"

Miss. " Ha, ha, ha!"
Pip. " He, he, he!" [*Right side.*
Greasy. " Ha, ha, ha! [*Left side.*
Miss. " Oh that will do indeed!"
Pip. " Oh charming!"
Greasy. " Delightful!"
Fidget. " Yes, I think I have hit it at last."

They all worked their mouths with approbation. Miss Squeamish gave Fidget a new silk gown for her good advice, and Deborah

Dogety enjoys her place as coachman to this day.

A sharp-set genius for dramatic fame introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shop-board, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe, and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and taylor by professsion, thus addressed our Roscius:

" Sir, I am your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant—I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hopportunity* of being made a *hactor*."

" Well," said Mr. Garrick, " and pray what part would you wish to have the *hopportunity* of *hacting*?"

"Romo, Sir; Romo, Sir;" replied the taylor—"I should wish to *pre*form the part of Romo; for my wife says as how, I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly vell*; and as how I have so sweet a *woice*, that she's *wastly sure* and *wery sartin*, I should make a *monstracious* moving *lovyer*."

"Well, Sir," asked Garrick, "and are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?"

"O yes, Sir," answered Snip—"I am *main sartin*, I can go *thro' stitch* with it from the beginning to the end on't."

"Pray, Sir," Mr. Garrick asked—"Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?"

"O yes, Sir," replied Snip, "*wastly vell*."

"Then pray tell me, Sir," continued Mr. Garrick, "when he was bestraddling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the extent of a

moderate sized rainbow,—I say, Sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of breeches?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the taylor, "here's a pretty job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon."

"Then pray, Sir," asked Garrick most indignantly, "how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own?"

"Lord, Sir," replied the frightened taylor, "I only *vonted*———"

"You only *vonted*," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, Sir, tell me—did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage?"

"No, Sir," says Snip.

"You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick.

PARODY,

IMITATING MR. GARRICK.

" Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy sheers are edge-
less,
And thy goose is cold—thou hast no thread,
Nor needles in those paws that thou do'st stitch withall;
What manager dare, I dare—approach thou like the
Grim and greasy lamplighter, or arm'd chimney-
sweeper,
With brush and soot-bag—take any form but that,
And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging;
Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy sheers;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The botch of a button-hole,—Hence, horrible taylor,
hence!"

Alarm was the word, and the taylor was off in a tangent, perfectly cured of his passion for the stage, which he resolved never to think of more, but to attend to his shop-board.

THERE is scarcely a greater defect in the character of a gentleman than to express him-

self improperly, either in writing, reading, or speaking. Those possessing fortunes, should have the manners and accomplishments of gentlemen. But there are too many possessing considerable estates who cannot even tell a story properly, and yet render themselves intolerably tiresome by continually attempting to divert their friends with stories, anecdotes, and good things.

One of these entertaining companions will tell you a long ftory of a Cock and a Bull and a Barley Mow, in this manner:

"That a—*he* said that *she* said, that it was no such thing—and that *he* said that *she* said, that *he* should say, that it was *monstrous* wrong in him *for to come—for to go—for to say so*—and that *she* verily believed *he did the thing* on very purpose."

A Canterbury Taleist, or tedious Story Teller, is yet more insufferable. An author may be thrown aside when you grow tired of reading his works. But to relieve yourself from the weariness attending a tedious Story Teller, is thought such an unmannered liberty, that I have known a challenge sent a

person for leaving the room where *a man of honour* was in the middle of his dissertation.

Next to the *tedious*, is the impertinent Story-Teller, who is perpetually taxing conversation, and burthening his acquaintance with some new levies of his nonsense. He assumes to himself the character of an important companion, by the power he thinks he possesses of diverting his company with secret history, alias family scandal, and detailing transactions that, whether they ever passed in the world or not, are of no consequence to the instruction and entertainment he is assured they afford to all his hearers.

One of these impertinent Story-Tellers thus interrupted the interesting conversation of two gentlemen:

"Sir Harry, what signifies your talking of the Americans and such stuff and nonsense—I'll tell you a dev'lish clever story."

"When Topham, the great strong man, went down to New-Market, while the cook was roasting for him a couple of fowls and sausages for his supper, he roll'd up a pewter plate like a piece of paper, and gave it to the

waiter to light—for his pipe. Oh! He was a dev'lish strong man—Sampson! Damn it! Sampson was but a chicken to him."

"Pardon me, Sir;" said one of the gentlemen, "I know a man stronger than either Sampson or Topham!"

"Pooh, that's a joke," replied the Story-Teller; "you must not think to hum me in that manner."

"Yes, Sir," repeated the gentleman, "there is a stronger man in this room."

"In this room?" vociferated the other—"Come, I'll lay you ten guineas of that."

"Done, Sir!" the gentleman said.

"And done!" re-echoed the Story-Teller.—"Now name your man, Sir Harry."

"Sir," said Sir Harry, "I fix on you—You are a much stronger man than either Sampſon or Topham; for you have lugged them both into this room by the head and shoulders."

The Story-Teller, thus bantered and confounded, was, to use his own phrase, struck all of a heap. The company being in a roar of laughter so much chagrined him, that he sneaked off as much ashamed as a perjured

witness out of Westminster Hall, or a Methodist out of a brothel.

The good Story-Teller possesses a fruitful invention, and always sufficient, appropriate words to explain his meaning. In a word, he has judgement to apply his subjects with propriety, spirit to pursue his narrative, and humour to enliven the points most diverting.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said, he had written a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equeſtrian Statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated, he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. "I told them," said Hogarth, "that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one colour, which was neither heightened or lowered; making the back ground, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the

method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them :

" I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once ; which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel through the red sea ?

" Egad," said Sir Thomas, " a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay ! hold, hold ! —What is your price ? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brufh."

" Dear, Sir," Hogarth answered, " I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I fhall not be unreasonable ; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist."

" Hey, egad, that you may depend on," said the Baronet ;—" but stay, stay !—hold, hold !—I can't think of exceeding ten guineas."

Hogarth, picqued to have his talents so un-

dervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single colour he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—"Hey! Who's there?"

" Hogarth," answered the painter.

" Well! What do you want?" said Sir Thomas.

" The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

" Done?" asked the other. " Hey, the devil! no, sure! The stair case done already! Hold, hey—stay, stay!—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—What, a week's work done in a—Hey. Stay, stay!"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit; and, rubbing his eyes, cried out—

" What the devil have we here?"

"The red sea, Sir," Hogarth answered.

"The red sea!" said the astonished knight. "Hey! Stay, stay! Hold, hold!—But where the devil are the children of Israel?"

"They are all gone over," said the painter.

"They are all gone over, are they?" Sir Thomas repeated.—"Hey! Stay, stay!—Hold, hold!—But, zounds, where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment he had received.

GARRICK AND LORD ORRERY.

LORD Orrery was the intimate friend of Pope and Swift. In a general taste and judgement relative to polite literature, he was surpassed by none of his ancestors. He contributed, with Soame Jennings, and others, to a periodical publication called the World, and wrote several papers of the Connoisseur.

He translated the letters of Pliny the younger; and, as a patron of learning, he presented Johnson's Dictionary to the Academy, Della Crusca, at Florence. He also distinguished himself as an acute and impartial critic in his celebrated remarks on the writings of Swift.

In the early part of his life, he was always in what is called the great world. But, advancing in life, his penchant for such a vain and perishing celebrity forsook him. His talent for humour, however, remained unimpaired. His lordship being well acquainted with the envy and illiberality of Garrick in not allowing any other performer the least merit, was determined to exercise his talent for satire and humour in chastising and exposing Mr. Garrick, the first time he should meet him at any card-party, or in any circle of acquaintance where he could successfully raise the laugh at his expence. He soon after met our late Roscius in a party which he thought most favourable for his design. He began by extolling the merit of Mr. Mossop, an actor of great and deserved fame. And here it is necessary to observe, that, although his

Lordship was profound in his judgement, his opinions were delivered with tedious prolixity, and consequential pedantry. The following conversation ensued:

"David, I congratulate you very sincerely upon the great acquisition to your theatre, that dramatic luminary, that star in the zenith of tragic excellence, Mossop. The man is a gentleman, Sir. He was matriculated at our university, and is, I do assure you, adorned with every liberal accomplifhment that can distinguish the elegant gentleman and profound scholar. Before he left us in Ireland, Sir, he composed and spoke a valedictory address. I heard him speak it; and an elegant composition it was, upon my honour, David. Every line was resplendent with as rich and glowing colours as ever came from the pencil of imagination. It would not have disgraced any of the classical ages of antiquity. But I mean to confine myself, David—I mean to speak of him as an actor; for in this winter, this blight of the stage, when figure and voice are generally substituted for feeling, conception, and imagina-

tion, it is no wonder that an actor of so much importance should excite the curiosity of every admirer of the drama, and that every dawn of his faculties should be received with pleasure, and cherished with approbation. But here, David, I must lament that, although taste and learning dedicate every effort to establish and perpetuate the fame of the poet, yet the actor, who is his harbinger to celebrity, is rarely honoured with a single leaf of the laurel which he has so essentially contributed to wreathe around the brow of the poet. The graces of action, the harmony of elocution, and that energy of soul which distinguishes the favourite of the sister-muse, purchases but transient fame, which perishes with the possessor. The productions of the pencil are likewise comparatively transient; for they are subject to the insensible but incessant depredations of time: there remains not, at this moment, a single painting of Parrhasius, whose excellence was such, in the justness of his proportions, that had he been less vain, his fame no one could have rivalled, except Timanthes, who was justly voted to have been

the better painter. But of even Timanthes, Apelles, or Protagoras, there does not remain a single testimony of their pictorial excellence, by which we can judge of the justice of those praises so lavishly bestowed on them by Pliny, Quintillian, and Lucian. And sorry am I to add, that if you, David, had no personal interest with Apollo, the smiles of Thalia, and the favours of Melpomene, would, I'm afraid, afford you but a very insecure tenure upon immortality.

" The stage, and its professors, I venerate. Let not the stage be condemned. It is, Sir, the laudable school of imitation. It justly claims the power of exciting virtue, which it rewards, and banishing vice by the force of reprobation. I am convinced, that many, whose hearts have not been rendered callous by attrition with the world, have returned from the theatre to their stations in society with breasts more disposed to feel and reverberate the endearing and reciprocal benevolence of social life. But I confess, David, it is not by those hayley, gayley, gamboraly pieces that trill, swell, and shake common-sense to

atoms; nor their dogs, bears, lions, lightning and thunder.—No, Sir, nor any representation that tends not to ennoble morals and embellish society. For however they may derive eclat from the brilliancy of genius, they are dangerous in their fascination. They subvert sentiment by their baneful allurements, and corrupt intellectual purity by their gross sensuality. But, Sir, I maintain that the profession of an actor is highly eligible, and condemn, with all my powers of severity, that cruelty and ignorance of priestcraft which in France denies them sepultural rights. But now, thank God, the thunders of the Vatican are dying away upon the bosom of common understanding. They are already in the wane, and suffering a total eclipse by the broader orb of all-illuminating reason. The minds of men, Sir, are emancipating from the fetters and dark dungeons of superstition; and the imperial bull will lose his horns. The enlightened spirit of freedom, in the remotest parts of the globe, will qualify decent toleration and universal benevolence. Then will the icy veins of monastic celibacy be warmed

by the pure blood of nature. Nor will the sons and daughters of men longer remain the dupes of hypocritical holiness or sanctified superstion.

" I understand, David, you have had a great season. I rejoice to hear it. But where Garrick and Mossop are, that thêatre must triumph. " The Douglas and the Percy both in arms;" in the same cause, have a right to confide. You are two bright luminaries united—you are the Castor and Pollux of the theatric hemisphere; for no man, David, except yourself, so forcibly exhibits the various passions that agitate—and, I may say, agonize the human mind. And Mossop makes the broad stroke at the heart which, directed by the hand of nature, equally reaches the peer and the peasant, the prince and the plebeian. He is not the mere tool of whim, or drudge of fashion, David. No, he is none of thofe fellows whose words come out of their mouths racimiferously, like a bunch of grapes, which, wanting better entertainment, you are obliged to swallow, and a moment after regurgitate.

"But you well know, David, what the actor of fashion is. The actor of fashion may be compared to a fellow tossed in a blanket: his supporters quit their hold of the coverlid—I mean those fellows who write in the newspapers—and down drops the hero of the day with a dislocated neck and broken bones: he instantly becomes *suppedaneous*, and, although he shall be to day in the state of *sublimation*, he shall be to-morrow in that of *conculcation*. But as general assertions bear no convictions, I shall arrange my ideas under different heads, not doubting of your assent to my several asseverations, which, without my being multifariously loquacious, indecorously garrulous, or incontinent of tongue, shall be *extradictionarily* founded in fact and built upon experience.

"Now, in the first place, David, his voice—I don't mean, David, to set myself up for a critic. No! I am too conscious before whom I am. I know I am before the Nestor of the stage, the Proteus of the scenic art, and the Oracle of criticism. Indeed, his beauties have been acknowledged by all possessing

fine taste, and his faults have been pointed out by the subtle, the learned, and the elaborate. For me, therefore, to attempt the critical investigation of a subject apparently exhausted, would be as hazardous as it seems barren. But, although it would be presumptuous in an artist to design the model of a temple or a palace, after an eminent architect, surely it cannot arraign his discretion to fix upon a single column, and catch some minute beauty in the architrave or frieze which may have escaped the mind expanded to embrace a vaster object.

"I shall, therefore, insulate soliloquy from every other part of the histrionic avocation. Excellence in speaking soliloquy appears to me the most difficult to attain in the art of acting; for in the spirited and impassioned scenes, nature alone dictates. And further, in colloquy, the eye of the speaker is always fixed upon the person addressed. But, in those unimpassioned and sequestered deliberations which the mind holds with itself, when reason drops the curtain before the eye of sense, and every external object is excluded, it is

then, Sir, that the genius of the actor is tried; for if he has not a vigorous and fertile imagination sufficient to possess himself of his author; and a sound judgment, with the happiest powers of execution, his attention will, unavoidably, be attached to the audience, while his words will be thus rendered ridiculous and unnatural. Although, David, I cannot pronounce him excellent in soliloquy, yet he is very far from being reprehensible. He appears to me more deficient in practice than judgement. And young actors, you must have found, seldom possess, at once, their powers in full and complete flexibility. Beside, at the moment he has rendered himself an object of attention, it is as unreasonable to expect him to be perfect as to expect fruit in maturity before the tree is planted. Therefore, let our love for the drooping genius of the stage cherish the hope of his possessing those requisites that will, in time, render him secondary to none except yourself, David. Don't you think he has an amazing fine voice—particularly in the spirited and impassioned scenes? I conceive,

David, (a few instances excepted) that where the actor is influenced by mental ebullition, he should always speak in the upper key of his voice. It is, Sir, the native tone of rage, and he who reaches it not falls short of the poet's conception. But, Sir, every word he utters in those moments seems to me to rush from the burning mint of sensibility. He preserves the fire of his author undiminished, and as faithful as the electric conducting the scentilatives of nature's flame so direct and irresistible, that every nerve of the rudest mind is harmonized into that unison, felt only when such can vibrate the sympathizing chords of the heart. I don't mean a rant, David. You know well that a rant, David, is misapplying the great exertions of the voice. Now, don't you think, David, that his voice is what the antients called the *argentum*, that silver-tone? And when he speaks mute attention reigns. "Now don't you think his voice—?"

"Why? A-a-a, now, my Lord, as to his —his—his— voice—I—I—I must acknowledge that his voice is loud enough—a-a-a;

he has amazing lungs; and his best friends—a-a-a cannot accuse him of sparing 'em. And I, I, I don't know whether ultimately he will be of any use to the theatre; for egad, he bawls so loud, that the public need go no farther than to the pastry-cooks in Russel-court, and buy a penny tart, and they may hear him as well as if they were in the orchestra; for he makes the welkin roar again. But a-a-a don't you think, my Lord, that that there is a-a-a kind of a-a bawl?"

"What, you have discovered that he bellows?—You have found that he roars?—You have noted that he bawls? Sir, the rascal bawls like a town bull. The *bull of Iason* did not roar louder than he does. We always called him Bull Mossop, Mossop the Bull. Don't you remember, Lady Orrery, at our house in the country, we always called him Bull Mossop and Mossop the Bull? But independent, David, of the bull, what do you think of his eye? The eye, David, is an organ entirely independent of the voice, and has the power of conveying the passions without her assistance. No man has a finer eye

than yourself, David; nor does any one know how to use it better—Now, don't you think his eye? ———"

"Why now, my Lord, with great submission to your accurate judgement and comprehensive mind, does not your Lordship think there is a kind of a, a, a film—a, a, a dull sort of heaviness—a-a-a blanket a, a, a, I declare —when I am on the stage with the man, I never knew where to have him.—He's always here and there.—Don't you think, my Lord, there's a kind of opacity, a, a, a?"

"The truth is, David, the rascal's eye is as opake as a mill-stone.—He's as blind as a miller's horse. When you meet him in the street, he'll run bump upon your nose, like that nauseous animal, the beetle. We always called him Beetle Mossop, Mossop the beetle. But independent of the bull and the beetle, David, have you any other objection? Now his deportment! Deportment, you know, David, is the true characteristic of a gentleman. If a man pulls off his hat, comes into a room, or even scrapes his shoes at the door, you can always discover whether he has the

polish of one of us—Now don't you think his deportment is ?—is ?—"

"Why now, my Lord, I, a-a-a."

"I know very well what you are going to say, David. You will tell me, that it has always been contended by theatrical polemics, whether figure may not be dispensed with in an actor of real genius? Why, I confess, that a man of sense and feeling, with a tolerable person, will please a judicious audience much better than a blockhead with grace and beauty. But to fill completely the idea raised in the mind by the poet, every youthful personage that is eminent in the drama should possess those exterior pulchritudinal requisites that, at sight, conciliate respect and esteem. Sir, it augments our interest in the misery or happiness in the character, and renders sympathy more exquisite in its influence. Now, David, don't you think his figure and deportment is— ?"

"Why, I declare, my Lord, that as to his deportment, I, a-a-a grant you, he is tall and upright enough. But, with great submission, don't you think there is a kind of an, an, an

awkwardness? A vulgarity, a, a, a I don't know how—We have in our theatres, fencing-masters, dancing-masters, and, ecod! drill serjeants. But they were never able to make any thing of him—There's a kind of a stiffness about him, that a-a-a

" I confess, David, that the rascal is as stiff as a poker. We always called him Poker Mossop, Mossop the Poker. But, independent of the poker, David, have you any other objections? Now, his memory, David? I believe in this particular we shall unite. His memory is wonderfully tenacious. Should perchance a lapse happen, which is not surprising, when the actor's mental repository is surcharged with such abundant matters—I say, should a lapse happen, he instantly corrects it by his wonderful power of reminiscence."

" Why, upon my honour, my Lord, were his memory what your Lordship describes it to have been in Ireland, he must have forgotten to have brought it over with him to London; for here the prompter is obliged to repeat to him every sentence. Hopkins, my

prompter, is obliged to split it and give it him in two parts—So that a-a-a——"

"What, your penetration has observed, that his head runs out? Upon my soul it will hold nothing. It has as many holes in it as a cabbage net. It is perforated as a cullender. We always called him Cullender Mossop, Mossop the Cullender. But have you any other objection, David, independent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, and the cullender? Now, his disposition—his temper? However the beauties of his person may be inferior to the Antinous, the suavity of his manners will recommend him as a model for the sweetness of his temper—Such a wax-like, yielding disposition, that you may mould him into any form."

"Why—why—a-a-a, now, my Lord, I must oppose you in the most pointed manner; for of all the most hardened, headstrong, obstinate, unmanageable animals, I ever dealt with in my life, he is the worst; he—e, e, e, e, is the most untractable, the most stubborn, and the most wrong-headed—I never knew any one instance of his inclination to follow my wishes.

If I advised him to dress a character plain, why he would come on the stage like that ginger-bread king, Tiddy Doll. If at other times it was necessary to recommend courtly splendour in his attire, and vivacity in manner, he would come on the stage as prim and demure as a quaker—In fact, he was the most obstinate—"

"Why the truth is, David, he was as obstinate as a pig, and had more of that animal's pertinacity than any man I ever knew in my life. We always called him Pig Mossop, Mossop the Pig. My Lady Orrery, don't you remember, at our house in the country, we always called him Pig Mossop, and Mossop the Pig? But independent of the bull, the beetle, the poker, the cullender, and the pig, have you any other objections? But, odso, 'tis near two o'clock. Lady Orrery, we shall be late home. Well, David, we have both remarked, with equal candour, upon his beauties and his imperfections. And I dare say, it gives you equal pain with myself, to find fault where there are so many beauties. But you very well know, David, that the parterre

would be soon over-run, were the weeds suffered to remain, lest the act of removing them should lacerate the flowers. To be sure, David, he has been most terribly mauled in the newspapers. But, indeed, what the newspapers say is nothing more than smoak—the fume of the day, the dense elastic vapour arising from the burning of a jaundiced mind, or an hungry stomach. Sir, I compare those infernal diurnal critics to an ass in a flower-garden. They trample down the rose and the lily while searching for their favourite bitter bite—the thistle. They contemplate genius as common people do an eclipse of the sun through a piece of smoaked glass. The beauty and splendour of its orb are all lost to them, and they see nothing but the dark spot in it. But notwithstanding those spots, David, I dare say you will agree with me, that he is the only actor now living, except yourself, to revive the drooping blossoms of the stage. And, although he does not possess that ethereal fire, which hastened you to such unparalleled celebrity, he must always maintain the superiority over such as are in general indebted

for their situation to mere voice, figure, or acident. Come along, Lady Orrery—David, I wish you a good night."

The utterance of many public speakers as been enervated and spoiled in their younger years. At home and at school they have been erroneously tutored. They were, perhaps, told that it was not pretty—it was not genteel to breathe too strongly, to roar out their words, and bellow like a clown: it was enough to frighten a person. Others, on the contrary, have been taught to roar always in alt, instead of speaking with a well-tempered cadence and modulation. This latter tuition is generally given to children in these words, "Hold up your head, and speak out like a "man."

Thus the first is taught to speak always in piano, and to fritter away the natural sounds of genuine language and passion with a mincing speech and a twittering modulation, like a nestling sparrow, or an emasculated

Italian singer. Mama observes this as a monftrous perfection in her darling son; and exclaims:

"He's *waastly* improved—a surprising child—he only wants a little French to make him as accomplished as any of the family."

"What is the consequence? His voice, as he grows up, retains the same effeminacy. And when he discovers the difference between his own delicate pipe and the manly speech of others, whose parents have had the good sense to correct, instead of perverting nature, he associates only with the ladies or lady-like part of his sex. Finding their company most suitable to his delicate habits and correspondent voice, he employs his whole time in cards, scandal, and the fashions.

This remark is illustrated by the following conversation, which lately happened, at a card table, between

Billy Gentle,
Jackey Diddle,
Sir Simon Simper,
and
Lord Softly.

These delicate gentlemen, being engaged at a whist party, had a dispute respecting an odd trick, which ruffled the quiescent temper of Billy Gentle to such a violent degree, that, for the first time, he burst out with,

"Jackey Diddle, you flung away the game."

"No, Sir, it was you."

"Lord Softly, why didn't you rough the diamond?"

"Mr. Simper, why didn't you lead the honour?"

"Sir, it was not the play."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gentle!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Diddle!"

"But, Mr. Gentle!"

"But, Mr. Diddle!—you provoke me to—— I could scratch your eyes out—human nature can't bear it. Do you know what Hoyle says?

"If A and B are against C and D, and the game nine all—A and B have won three tricks—C and D four tricks. C leads his suit, D puts up the king, then returns the

suit. A passes, C puts up the queen—B roughs the next."

In this mincing manner is every subject handled by those pretty gentle creatures, who adorn themselves to attack ladies' hearts, and who are promoted to places in the service of the ladies, in proportion to their respective delicate merits and manners, as tea-cup carriers, fan bearers, and snuff-box holders. They smile and they simper, they ogle and they admire every lady, and every lady alike. And they copy the manners of a lady so closely, that naturalists have disputed whether they ought to be classed among males or females. They are therefore set aside, as being of the doubtful gender.

Let this effeminate education be banished from our land. Assume the noble spirit of the Roman tutors, who accustomed their youthful pupils to the most hardy and robust exercises. Their early years were devoted to the art of speaking and the art of war. Both were exerted with the same unrestrained ardour and intrepid boldness. It was this mode

of education which made them conquerors in the senate and the field. Inspired with such energic principles, they made even their judges tremble. The Roman Regulus, pleading to return a victim to Carthaginian rage, for the cause of personal integrity and patriotic honour, overpowered every heart by a torrent of eloquence resistless as the thunderbolt, and rapid as the lightning.

Bad habits are more easily prevented in youth than removed in the adult. When the organs of speech are tender and flexible, they may be moulded as we please. Utterance, at this period, may be corrected and improved so as to render the speech capable of every beauty that constistutes chiefly the charms of eloquence. And as the voice is then formed, so it generally remains through our existence.

I have known children sent to school as early as at two years old, under the pretence of *their being out of the way* of disturbing papa and mama. The necessity of consulting the abilities of their instruct or is then thought of no consequence.

Passing the door of one of those prattling

seminaries, I stopt to hear a child spell the word Birmingham. Little miss was beginning to spell it very properly, as B I R M—Birm; I N G—ing—Birming. But here the good old Abecedarian skrewed up er alphabetical face, and, with all the consequence of a school mistress, she pronounced,

"Come hither, Miss Twig, and mind what I say to you. The word is Brumidgeum. Now mind—B I R M, Brum—I N G, idge, Brumidg—H A M, um, Brumidgeum."

This specimen of scholarship evinced, that this teacher of alphabets was as ignorant as a common sailor, who pretended to teach Geography. He had a tolerable idea of the compass, and the motion of the earth. But when he met with the words—Celestial and Terrestrial, the Frigid and the Torrid Zone,—he used to say to his scholar,

"Oh, skip that over—that's Latin, my boys."

Children having a strong propensity to imitate what they hear, their servants, nurses, or companions should never be allowed to speak to them in a hurrying or imperfect manner.

They should carefully expose the absurdity of miscalling and perverting words which is, by too many, reduced into a fashion; for there is a fashion in words and phrases, as well as in dress and manners, which changes about annually. Within a few years, every thing has been *immensely* great and *immensely* little. Miss Tippet, from the cloisters, could not drink tea with Master Parchment, at White Conduit House, unless it was an *immense* fine day; yet probably it might rain so *immensely*, there was no going without the *immense* expence of a coach. Next we *hummed* and *humbugged* upon every occasion; the Gazetteer *humbugged* us into a war, and the French *humbugged* us into a peace. After this, every thing was the *barber*; if even a *chimney-sweeper* ran against a decent person, it was the *barber*. The *barber* presently turned into a shaver from St. James's to Wapping. Then every thing was a *hobby-horse*, or a *bore*—whether a man was fond of hunting or drinking, shooting, or gaming, it was all a *hobby-horse*. The last fashionable phrase was, *that's your sort*, which suited all sorts and

sizes of mankind. But the characteristic name which prevailed lately was the title of a beau, who was said to be *quite the go.*

As a specimen of his character, please to accept the following.

His conversation being half French and English, is as ridiculously singular as his dress. It is a sort of pye-balled language, as in these terms:

"Oh! My *Beau Garçon. Comment vous portez vous?* I am quite *charmé* to see you. *Mon Dieu*, what has become of you these hundred years? *Mon cher ami*, I'm just arrived from Tunbridge. "Tunbridge? Is it possible? *Diable, quelle affaire* could keep a person of your *politesse* there so long?" "My faith, Jack, since you must be acquainted with *la verité* of this matter, for I know you are a fellow of that *savoire vivre* and *esprit*, that 'tis in vain to use any *finesse* with you. You must know *cette petite drolesse*, that little toad, Charlotte, who, *entre nous*, has such a *tendre* for me—Oh 'tis a *charmante* little devil! She has a long *suite* of admirers too, both of person and fortune—but a little

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sible, from the neglect of the driver, it may tumble into a *Pit?* Now, how are you, in that case, to get it out of this *Pit?* You don't know—I know you don't know; for if you did, you'd be as cunning as a *Fox*."

Matty Mareschal, the *Perfumer*, being more deeply affected by the powder tax than any Barber could possibly be, could not avoid giving his sentiments on the present occasion. "I think," said he, "the nation was never so *dressed* as it has been since Pitt taxed the use of powder. What could be his antipathy to our white and brown powder? They never killed, like his battle powder, thousands by thousands. If he had meant to have served his country, he would have taxed the use of gun-powder, which would have saved, not only the money—but the lives of the people."

"Hold, hold," said a Chelsea veteran. "What! tax gun-powder? Honour and glory forbid! No! let us have gun-powder free, while we have a soldier or a sailor to use it in defence of his country."

I have frequently heard a man harangue for several minutes with great good sense, and in words well chosen, and worthy to be read, and reduced to writing. But all this excellence was lost upon the generality of his auditors, who were disgusted by his insipidity of manner, and his voice being strongly affected by a provincial dialect. This has convinced me of the absolute necessity there is of every person endeavouring to correct, as much as possible, whatever provincial dialect it may have been their misfortune to have contracted. If this be neglected, the best arguments, delivered with such a perversion of tone, will lose their effect, while the speaker is exposed to ridicule and laughter.

A speech delivered in a strong northern dialect, will sufficiently evince the truth of this assertion. I shall, therefore, proceed to my example, by giving a short panegyric on the art and science of eloquence, in the true Scots style.

" The topic I presume to haundle, is the mirawculous gifts of an orator, wha, by the bare power of his words, leads men, women;

and bairns, as he lists; and first, for the antiquity of the art, ken ye, wha was the first orator? Mayhap ye think it was Tully, the Latinist? Nae such thing—ye are wide o'th'mark; or Demosthenes the Greek? In gude troth ye are as far off as before. Wha was it then? It was een that arch cheeld the deevil himself. Ye ken weel how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden with plenty o'bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished; but were prohibited the eating of pepins, upon which, what does me, the orator, Satan, but he whispers a soft speech in her lug; egad, our granam, Eve, fell-to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it. Ken ye, wha was the first orator now?"

Pronouncing words entirely different from their spelling, in conformity to the native dialect of the speaker, is such a shameful abuse of language as should always be discouraged. And a person attempting to address an audience with such a dialect as just recited, will

appear almost as ridiculous as the fool who cut off a fellow's head that lay asleep, and then waited to hear what he would say when he awoke and missed it; or as laughable as the poor lame *dancing-master*, who thought himself particularly entitled to the encouragement of the public in his profession, for no other reason than his having lost *a leg*: the town pitied his misfortune, while they laughed at the absurdity of Mr. Caper's expectations; which afforded no little entertainment to the groaners and the grinners. And thus it is, that some cry while others laugh at the times. Old people praise the time past, which they neglected to use when they might. Young people look forward with anxious care to the time to come, neglecting the present. Indeed almost every person treats the present time as some folks do their wives—with indifference, in order to possess their affections more securely.

As I mean not to confine my observations to one particular dialect, and resolving to divest myself of partiality, I shall now present you with the oratory of a *Cockney*.

"As I vas going along, thinking of nothing at all, I thought as how as I heard a face and saw a woice that I knew, and it vas Mr. Spriggins; and Mr. Spriggins said as how *werily* he did think that *weal* was better eating than *wenson*. To be sure *weal* is very good in its kind.—But, Mr. Spriggins, says I, gi' me *wenson*—gi' me *wenson*, says I, Mr. Spriggins; for my part, I'm *wastly* fond of *wenson*; for *vhat* can be *more betterer*, or *more properer*, Eh? I *wow* its the *wery* best of *whittles*, isn't it, eh?—and for a man *for to come*, *for to go*, *for to say as how weal vas betterer than wenson*, is certainly *wery* monstrous, and *woid* of all reason; isn't it, eh? He might as vell say, *wice* ought to be *walued* above *wirtue*, or that *vawnuts* could be pickled without *winegar*. Mightn't he, eh? I *axt* him, says I, d'ye think *vine* is'nt better than *vater?* I axt him, says I, d'ye think *cowcomers* good *vithout* inyons?—and so he giv'd me *sich out-of-the vay answers*, that I told him, says I, Mr. Spriggins, you werily deserve to be pelted with *brick-bracks*, and rolled in the kindle, says I, till you are as black as a chimney-

sweeper, says I, as a *wawning* for *windicating* sich an *eupinion*. I vas right, vasn't I, eh?—And so then he *tawked about sumat about* being *scrowdg'd* and *squeedg'd* by a mob in the *Vitson veek*, and *this here* and *that there*, and things of *that there* kind; and so he *vanted* me to *fetch a vaulk* as far as the PH's in *Common-*Garden. But, says I, Mr. Spriggins, says I, you are a *wile, vorthless, wapid feller*, says I, and so I don't *vant* no more *conwersation*, says I, *vith* a person that don't know common sense, and that is as ignorant as the *wery commonist* of wretches with their *breakfastes* and *toasteses*, and running their *heads* against the *posteses*, to awoid the wild beasteses."

I'm told that a member of the Quorum in Cumberland, who was the very mouth-piece of eloquence *in his own country*, when he went up to London, enquired at a shoemaker's shop in Cranbourn Alley, if he could not meet with a pair of small shoes for his little girl in the country, with *pink heels, pointed toes*, and

cropt straps for clasps, which he expressed in the following provincial dialect.

"I pray yee noo, han yee gatten any neatly, fe tly shoen, pointed toen, pink'd at heel and cropped strops for clopses?"

"Sir," answered the shopkeeper, "what's that you say?"

"Why, I pray yee noo," [*repeats as before.*]

"The family who speaks French," said the shoemaker, "lives at the next door." And so they parted, understanding one another just as well as if one came from Greenland and the other from Grand Cairo."

But of all the ignoramusses breathing, those in the Weſt country exceed all belief. As a proof, I have to mention the uncommon ignorance of a collier, who had never been but once over the threshold of a door since his baptism; and this visit was accidentally caused by a shower of rain obliging him to seek shelter there. It was in Bristol, and during the time of divine service. The heathenish

boor returning home, thus told his brother clods what he had heard and seen:

"I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again; for there I zaw twelve vellows cock'd up in a sort of hay-loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em if they had got any thing to drink there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwitch in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given un a douse o'th' chops, and zet un a spinning like a whirligigg. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust. Zo I went a little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and wethers at a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was, as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner, lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering bib, slit in two, and stuck under his chin. Turning up

his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'un; for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little man in a black shirt pull'd it off, and then there was another as white as a clout—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splashed his *vace* over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolick may end? Mayhap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within zide of a church again, I'll give 'um leave to zous and zop me o'er and o'er again."—This was all the idea a West country collier had of a church.

I shall now proceed to a short dissertation on the anatomy of phantoms.

Rondocosto Ramlu Danesso, in his defence of preter-naturals and non-naturals, very wise-

ly tells us that there are some very famous, and what is more, very great, and what is more, very rich people, who are undetermined whether ghosts are apparitions or apparitions ghosts—whether death-watches, dreams, nightmares, witchcraft, falling stars, screech-owls, and religion, have or have not reality. To such is submitted the following lugitoriæ. Any analysis, solution, and dissection of phantoms, is recommended to be carefully studied, by out-of-pension patriots, fourth and fifth couzens to persons of fortune and quality, and all dependents on great mens' generosity, or any man's gratitude.

Suppose a Genius situated pennyless in America, and ardently wishing to revisit his native home, who is it will pilot him across the Atlantic?

"I, I, I, I will—we all will, every body will—any body will take him on board, and be glad to sail with him; for all the world will be fond of his company;—who denies it?"

"But, pray, Sir, when the vessel comes to port, who will help him out of the ship? Who will pay the captain for his passage?"

However diverting, during the voyage, this droll fellow may have been, and whatever applauses he may have received, with invitations to every one's mess while on board, the anchor is no sooner dropped than all is forgotten.

All are then hurrying home about their respective concerns, wives, sweethearts, families, friends, acquaintances, or correspondencies. The general cry is, "Adieu, Mr. Genius—your servant, Mr. Genius—here, Tom, put these things behind the post-chaise; we are obliged to you for your good company, Mr. Genius—sorry we can't stay with you any longer.—Go on, boy. A very diverting creature that man was, my Lord." "Yes," answers the man of title, "these wits and drolls are very well for a gentleman to be entertained with, now and then, at taverns or on shipboard; but they should not be noticed publicly—for they are always poor—know nothing of the world, and are rather impertinent."

The deserted Genius, pennyless, and a stranger, is left upon the beach, to make the best of his way—*where he can.*

Supposing him arrived in London, he must either prostitute his talents in vindicating villainy, or condescend to be Folly's auditor, Pride's flatterer—or a beggar.

These honourable avocations indicate that *hope* and *promise* are included in our dissertation upon phantoms.

Our Genius being driven by necessity to choose immediately his profession, turned Pension or Place Fisher, alias Political Writer.

In the political science of perspective, the point of sight, point of distance, and vanishing line, properly investigated, are as follow:

The point of sight is preferment.

The point of distance is, what length your patron will go to serve you, and what length you must go to serve him.

The vanishing line is hope.

All these, multiplied in a proper modus, form Mr. Hogarth's line of Beauty.

To return to our Genius. His understanding was clear, ripe, and strong, *id. est*, clear enough to distinguish his own interest; ripe enough to be ready for any dirty work; and

strong enough to counteract the bias of those beggar-making bubbles of public spirit, love, gratitude, friendship, or patriotism. He considered such as only tubs to be tossed out to the whale, which the hydra-mob ridiculously say is composed of the harmonies and symphonies of the soul.

Reflecting that he was liable to a sudden change of circumstances, either adverse or prosperous, he was always dreaming of a chariot or the pillory as particular exaltations, to which he knew authors had arisen. Indeed, he well knew, that they had been bestowed upon different persons very often for the same action. No man was, therefore, equal to him for deifying the ins, or devilizing the outs. For preferment, his pen waged war against the latter. Through the field of faction, he fought blushless for the ins. Venality crowned his temples with a brazen frontlet, and, trampling over Modesty, she led him to the shrine of SECRET SERVICES.

A Prime-Minister, who has always a number of these servants of *honour* to provide for, is obliged, when no more vacancies

can be made, to create new places. Fortunately for this Genius, the vicissitudes of the times impelled the Minister to levy new taxes; and, as the cream of all taxes, a tax was laid upon *milk*, and this Genius was accordingly made Inspector General of the Milk Office, to which the following necessary subordinates were appointed.

24 Tasters,
6 Clerks,
4 Porters,
1 Gauger,
1 Secretary, and
A Deputy.

To these may be added the Company of Assistants, composed of

2 Apothecaries,
2 Dairy Women,
2 Experimental Philosophers,
1 Butter Melter,
2 Spectacle Makers,
2 Wet Nurses,
1 Clyster-pipe Borer, and
2 Curds-and-Whey Keepers.

These only added the number of fifty to the Minister's dependents. But as there was

a clause in the act to prevent the mixing of water with milk, that very nutritious food was rendered as dear in proportion as any other article of our subsistence. The Genius, it is said, is now writing a pamphlet to prove, that mare's milk may be substituted instead of cows'; that all our porter may be brewed from oatmeal; and that hore-flesh is more wholesome than roast beef.

Ancient history relates, that Zeuxis, a celebrated painter of Heraclea, died of a fit of laughter at the sight of an old woman of his own drawing. But for people to be ready to expire with laughing at their own conceits and expressions, we have innumerable modern instances.

"Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!—I'll tell you what I laugh at. I said the best thing t'other day, that you ever heard, hah! hah! hah!—says I to my brother—only mind—Hah! hah! hah!—I says," says I, "I saw a most terrible wind yesterday"—"Saw a wind!" says my

brother—" 'tis the first time I ever heard of a wind-being seen;" Hah! ha! hah! and so, says he, Hah! hah! hah! " Pray, if you did see the wind, what was it like?" " What was it like? Hah! hah! hah!—now mind—Hah! hah! hah! " What was it like?" says I—" Aye, what was it like," says he—" Why it was like to blow my house down," says I—" Hah! hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh!"

These giggling, smiling, tittering, grinning, risible gentry, when in company with a man of genuine wit and humour, continually tease him to be comical. They address him in this manner—

" Come now, do tell us something droll to make us all laugh, will you? Damn it, I tell you what let's play at—To market, my Lord—will you? That's right.—I'll be my Lord—and your name shall be *Cockles*—your's *Pork Griskin*—your's *Sparrowgrass*—your's *John Dory*—and your's *Mutton Chops*, *tol der er lol te ti te te you*—Now mind—When my hat's on—I'm my Lady; and when it's off, I'm my Lord—and for every mistake, a half pint bumper, or a black face."

Having thus diverted himself for some time, and being obliged to swallow several half pints, through his frequent mistakes at the enchanting games of the

Dumb Conceit,
To Market, my Lord,
Questions and Commands,
Hot Cockles,
Alphabetical Toasts,
Dutch Club,
Hiding the horse,
What's my thought like, and
Buzz,

he is led home with his face blacked, totally insensible, and put to bed to his wife; who, viewing him the next morning, complains, and frequently gives the following hints—

Somebody,
Some people, and
Other people.

"I'm sure if *some people* go on, in this manner, *somebody* will suffer for it—*Some people* never know what time to come home, and *other people* must be disturbed by *some people*

at all hours of the night—That if *some people* have no more sense than to suffer their faces to be blacked, *other people* may be ashamed of such a scandalous behaviour—and that *some people* should be glad to be informed by *somebody*"—

"Lord, my dear," says the husband, "it was *nobody*."

There are no words more frequently used than

Somebody,
Nobody,
Any body, and
Every body.

These terms *somebody*'s pleased to introduce very often in conversation, which offends *nobody*; and as *any body* has an undoubted right to the same, *every body* uses them.

Many frequently express themselves on several occasions in this manner—

Dev'lish handome—Dev'lish ugly,
Hellish rich—Hellish poor,
Dev'lish cold—Dev'lish hot,
It freezes like hell—
It rains like the devil!

But as the devil is not the most desirable subject, I shall leave him, and proceed to the conversation of the fair-sex.

The first claiming attention, is the Ladies of high birth and great distinction, whose conversation consists in absurdly shortening their words; thus, they say

Poz for positively, and
Plenipo for Plenipotentiary.

While, on the contrary, Lady Rachael, Lady Caroline, and Lady Betty are trespassing frequently on the confines of their native language, by making a single word answer the purpose of two. They tell us—

They *caan't*—and they *shaan't*—and they *maan't*.

But what our language loses by these *word-droppers*, plain Nan and Sal and Moll, of Billingsgate, endeavour to compensate by adding supernumerary syllables, when they talk of—

Fisheses and placeses, and running their noseses against the posteses.

Among the various classes of oratory with which this kingdom abounds, there is one that particularly delights every merry party; I mean Anecdote Orators.

One of these, without ever delivering a sentiment of his own, or entering into any dispute or controversy, sits in a corner of the room with his wig reversed and a steady face, silent as a quaker unmoved by the spirit of a hum-drum meeting, until the subject will admit of an anecdote, which he relates with the gravity of a Methodist.

Suppose Elections form the subject, he will tell—That

" Puts me in mind of a circumstance, which happened at the long contested election at Bristol, of a poor Barber, who, having given his vote, incurred the malicious resentment of some of the opposite party; for they broke all his shop-windows, and the poor fellow, being unable to pay for the glazing of them again, papered every square.

" The next morning a sailor ran his head through one of the squares, and asked, Is the Barber at home? The Barber running, at the

same time, his head through another of the paper squares, cried—" No—he's just gone out."

Should the town-crier give some necessary information to the public, this Anecdote-monger will tell you, that he heard a crier in a country town thus deliver himself:—

"O yes! O yes! O yes!—this is to give notice, that on Thursday last, between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, there was lost a little *black dog*, all over *large white spots*, with *long cropt* ears, a *thin buſhy* tail, and answers to the name of Trip. Whoever will bring him to the Crier ſhall have half a guinea reward—God save the King.—I forgot to tell you he has got the mange."

The next morning a fellow meeting this puppy-hunter, aſked him why he did not cry?

"I can't," says he, "my wife's dead!—beſide, I'm afraid of waking her."

To give a proper explanation of Anecdote Oratory:—"I most humbly beg leave, with all proper respect—taking particular care, at the same time, to avoid all expressions that

may seem to border on prolixity, and which are diametrically oppofite to conciseness, clearness, and perspicuity; I say, with proper respect, I must inform you—hoping your good nature will excuse my running into an error which is deserving the mimic's notice and my scourge; but as I love brevity to my heart, I fhall not, as many speakers do, keep you in suspense with a tedious narration of circumstances, which, to my certain knowledge, were better omitted *in toto* than recited *ad libitum*. Therefore, as I particularly mean to come, without any perambulation, to the point at once, I must tell you the anecdote just now related, which anecdote is, by no manner of means, an anecdote fimilar to the Crier's anecdote, farther than its being an anecdote, or perhaps oddity and ridicule upon those who are for ever talking without saying any thing, by using phrases entirely foreign to the meaning and nature of the subject in hand of which they are speaking."

This preamble I hope, at the same time that it leads me to mention an absurdity, will be received as a satire on prolixity, by my

having used two hundred words instead of these nine,—videlicet—

The anecdote of the Crier reminds me of one. One man was saying to another, the other day, crossing a field, I saw a bull come running after me *like hell*; I ran away *like thunder*; and as I was endeavouring to get over a stile, I tore my stockings *as if heaven and earth were coming together*.

A certain gravity of countenance considerably improves the telling of these stories. But this must not be adopted as a general rule; for it is frequently necessary to aid a humorous story with chearful looks and accordant gestures.

As much depends upon the expression as the words themselves. Whatever nature produces, art can always embellish. This caused Cicero justly to observe, that address in speaking was as highly ornamental as it was useful in private life.

How often have I seen a public speaker roll his eyes along the cieling as if he thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behaved.

Another casts his eyes upon the ground, as if he were before a judge, receiving sentence of death.

The misapplication of the arms is as prevalent as that of the eyes; for I have seen a speaker pulling at the wristband of his shirt all the time he was speaking.

I have observed another diving his hand to the bottom of his pocket, as if he were in search of something.

As some speakers cannot express their sentiments with the use even of both arms, how difficult must he find it who has only one!

In such a situation I once saw an itinerant barn-door actor, who attempted the part of Richard the Third. This poor fellow had only the use of the right arm; for the left was, unfortunately for him, withered, which he took the greatest care to place behind him, before he came on the stage, as if he dreaded it woul

embarrass the action of the other. But, every time he exerted his voice, he shook the withered arm out of its place. Thus he began:

> "Now are our bows bound with victorious wreaths,
> Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings—
> Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front."

In this manner he went on. The audience, however they might pity the misfortune of the man, could not avoid laughing at the whimsical effect it produced in the actor.

This performer was as singular off, as he was on the stage. He greatly valued himself on an affected peculiarity of pronunciation. So nice was he in his endeavours to display the sense of his author with every critical minutiæ, that he never exceeded or added either in a laugh, cry, or grunt. Whenever he vociferated, ha, ha, ha! you might be certain he had sufficient authority from his author, whom he never injured by applying Ha, ha, ha! for He, he, he! A waterman rowing him across the river one day, struck up—

Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage,
Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage,
Butter-milk and oaten bread;
Fol der iddle lol, fol der iddle lol,
Fol lol, der iddle iddle, fol, lol, lol.

"Sir," says he, "it is not, fol der iddle lol."

"Vhy, vhat is it then, my master?"

"Why, it is fa, la, ra, da."

"Vhy how should I know that, my master?"

"Read the book, Sir,"—[*Slap.*]

Some men speak before they think; others tediously study every word they utter. Some men are mute, from having nothing to say; some should be mute, because they say nothing to the purpose. Some men say nothing to their wives, and others would be extremely happy if their wives said nothing to them.

There are a set of persons who continually

ransack a dictionary to puzzle their friends at night, and to pass for men of learning, by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to the exposure of themselves and the diversion of their hearers.

One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain unpopular nobleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe *blow* in his *stomach*, which, it was thought, would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the Barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for this dealer in hard words said, that his lordship, in the fall, had received a *contusion* in his *abdominal* parts, and 'twas thought 'twould occasion an *abcess*. Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up a lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. "News!" says Razor, "why aint you heard the story about Lord Squanderstock?" "No," an-

swered the other. "No!" said Razor in surprise; "why he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a *confusion* in his *abominable* parts, that 'tis thought 'twill occasion his *absence*.

This learned and elegant information of word-grubber, or walking dictionary, might have come, with propriety, from the mouth of one apothecary to another; but it was very unsuitable to the capacity of a common shaver, whose utmost extent of language consists in uttering, in a plain, simple manner, the news of the day, and declaring he can weave "*seven pair in an hour, twice in for a cut.*"

But, as a contrast to the Barber, the Apothecary will tell you that he is erudite enough to pill, bolus, lotion, potion, draught, drench, dose, bleed, blister, glister, cup, scarify, syringe, salivate, couch, sweat, diet, dilute, tap, plaster, and poultice, all persons, in all diseases, and in all conditions.

The Barber improves our outward appearance; the Apothecary does, or ought to do, the same. The Apothecary gives you pow-

ders, and the Barber powders you. The Barber may be known by his smart look and tripping gait; the Apothecary is known by his sober pace and grave physiognomy. The Barber plasters your head when it is whole, and the Apothecary when it is broken. The Barber often revives a Wig, and the Apothecary sometimes kills a Tory. The Apothecary is the servant of Esculapius, and the Barber of Venus, whom he often prepares for her appearance at the Pantheon. The Apothecary derives his art from Apollo; he therefore exercises it on a Sunday; and the Barber makes no difficulty of doing the same.

Comparisons, when properly formed, aptly applied, and judiciously used, elevate the most eminent species of literature. But when they are vulgarly chosen, and indiscreetly applied, they degenerate, like conundrums or puns, into conceit and bastard wit. They, however, tend to promote conviviality and good humour, and, without good humour, Virtue may awe

by its dignity, and amaze by its splendour; but it will scarcely ever gain a proselyte or attract an imitator.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, that he could have better spared a better man. He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but, while conviction compelled him to do justice to his superior qualities, his tenderness still broke forth at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, and who had cheered him with unreserved merriment, which he enjoyed, while he despised his sensuality and cowardice.

Many, who are incapable of attaining any general character for excellence, possess some singularity of entertainment which serves them as a passport through life.

I have known one, the darling of a weekly club, from singing every night at eleven o'clock precisely, his favourite song—

Did you not hear of Johnny Pringle's pig?
When it was alive, it wasn't very big;

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tung"—and many other words equally well pronounced, and as well applied.

The youth, who carries out parcels in the forenoon, begins to think, ere evening, that he really is a gentleman. He calls every mop-squeezer a Lady, believes himself a man of fashion, and, to support his opinion, plumps himself into a sedan, and orders it to Lovejoy's. This causes the dissipation of the subordinate departments of life, and its attendant consequences: Miss, beating hemp in Bridewell, fancies herself a Countess in distress; and the youth, in a cart, is conscious of his having the air of a Lord.

Shakespeare says, "Let your clowns speak no more than what is set down for them; for there will be some of them that will laugh themselves, to set on a number of barren spectators to do the same, though there be some necessary part of the play to be then observed."

But I have known Actors, who, although

they were desirous of expressing their author, have yet committed inadvertently an error. The following anecdote is an example:

A Veteran in the York Company was playing the part of Don Pedro, in the Spanish Friar. It being in the race week, the stage happened to be crouded by such as could not get places before the curtain.

This Veteran, as Don Pedro, being asked the question of what hopes? His answer should have been—

> "As much as when physicians shake their heads,
> And bid their dying patients think of Heaven."

But, unfortunately, one of the Jockies, who was among the croud upon the stage, stuck, either by design or accident, the rowel of his spur in his back, just as he had got to the last line. His answer therefore to the question of what hopes? was literally—"As much as when physicians shake their heads, and bid their dying patients——Go to hell, and be damn'd!"

As John Dryden's Pegasus was not to be

pushed forward by a Yorkshire jockey, this was certainly spurring the actor in the wrong place.

But of all the Tragedians that ever tragedized, he was the most *outré* in his own performance, whose satire made him the dread of every other theatrical performer, I mean our late English Aristophanes, Mr. Foote. He was a great favourite with the town, and, as a comic writer and a mimic, a most deserved one. But acting is to be considered on principles much more extensive.

His performance of Othello was such a master-piece of burlesque, that it has never yet been forgotten by those who saw it. But however extravagantly *outré* this may have been, it could never equal the burlesque he displayed in Hamlet, which he performed for his own benefit at Bath.

When he came to the quarrel in the last act with Laertes where the following lines occur:

"What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd thee ever—but 'tis no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew—the dog will have his day."

Instead of this, he said, in his usual way,
[*Imitating Foote.*

"What is the reason that you use me thus?—I lov'd thee ever. But 'tis no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may—the *dog* will *mew*—No, no! that's wrong—the *cat* will *bark*—Oh no!—that's the *dog*—the *dog* will *mew*—No—that's the cat—the cat will—No!—that's the *dog* again—the cat—the dog—the dog—the cat—Pshaw—Pish—Pox—'tis something about barking, mewing, and caterwalling, but, as I hope to be saved, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know nothing more about the matter."

It has been customary to teach young performers to *throw it out*, *keep it up*, *go through with it*, and use their arms and legs—so as

not to stand like a tragedy tea-pot, with one hand stuck by his side, like the hand, and the other stretched out in this manner, *like the spout*. So that the actor is always in motion, and appears as if he had St. Vitus's dance.

Mr. Mossop, the once celebrated tragedian, was distinguished among the ways of the Green Room, by the appellation of the one-handed actor.

Mr. Churchill says in his Rosciad, that his right hand was always labouring away, while his left was totally supine.

But this defective habit was completely cured by Mr. Garrick telling him the following story of a *one-handed actor*, who had a wooden arm. Disdaining that one hand should have all the labour, he would strike the wooden one with the other, so as to set it on a full swing like the pendulum of a clock. In this manner—

"I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confest.
[*Bang goes Clumpey.*
Beyond myself or virtue's sacred band—
Beyond my life I prize my native land;
[*Bang.*
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good."

Bang, bang, and so swing swang, di[illegible] dangle, went the wooden limb, while the poor Actor was as proud of it as he was of his living ones.

Although performers neglecting the study of their profession deserve reprehension, yet I must exempt such from censure as have been neglectful from their endeavours proving unsuccessful. In this situation was the late facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lynn, in Norfolk. Having played there several nights to empty benches, he neglected to